

SLANG AND JARGON.

ORIGIN OF WORDS THAT BECOME A PART OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Some Are Ephemeral, but Others Retain Their Popularity—Various Casings Contribute to This Wordmaking—Some Well Known Examples.

Slang.—A new word that has no just reason for existence; a popular but unauthorized word, phrase or mode of expression; the jargon of some particular calling or class in society.—Webster.

In other words, anything in the way of word or expression not in the dictionary is "slang." When by reason of long continued popularity and general usage it is deemed worthy of a place in the textbook and authority of the language, it ceases to be "slang."

It is from the jargon of particular callings or classes in society that the English language is slowly but steadily enriched. The slang phrase first becomes dignified with the term idiom, and then it creeps into the new dictionary.

Not all slang is destined to this apotheosis. Much of it is ephemeral. A great deal of it is meaningless, silly or weak and dies in its childhood. Actor folk are given to the invention of new phrases more or less expressive, but short-lived. "The ghost walks" is one of the few instances of the jargon of stegeland.

The theatrical term of "makeup" is now in general use as descriptive of anything striking in personal adornment, referring to the clothing and not to a disguise or enhancement of the features as originally. Song and dance men, acrobats, serio comics, sketch teams and the lower order of theatrical folk indulge in slang that renders their conversation almost unintelligible. For instance, some knockout artist was struck by the similarity of the words pardon and pudding, and to his bright mind the transition to "tapioea" was not difficult, but there is no word in the language of the polite world.

The song and dance man may be excused in summer days of bankruptcy in calling the man with money, willing to spend it for refreshment, an "angel," and this expression may in time creep into the language, but for the present the ancient term of "snicker" will suffice.

Circus slang was the forerunner of the jargon of the variety stage, and in the good days when the "gaslit city of tents" was planted upon every village green the circus folk had a language almost their own.

The roots of their vernacular were the various parts of the tent and equipment of the show. The boss of the show was called the "main guy," and this expression has to a certain extent survived the decline of the circus, and the "main guy" is frequently heard of in workshops.

The great cattle ranges of the west have given the world the term "round-up." It originally referred to the annual gathering together of the cattle of various owners that they might be separated for shipment. Today in the business world it indicates an inquiry into the affairs of a firm or corporation and has really the significance of stock taking.

Thieves have a gibberish so extensive as to almost constitute a language. It is only understood among themselves and by policemen, who are forced to acquire the knowledge of its meaning. Many of the terms that have been in use for years are really corruptions of the Hebrew and had their origin among the "fences" or depots for the reception of stolen goods in London. This jargon, while continued for years, has never obtained outside of the police and criminal classes.

"Lost his grip" is a terse, pathetic, almost tragic term, conjuring up as it does the story of wasted ambition, blasted hopes, ruin and despair, in all probability originated among lodge people. A man who had "lost his grip" was temporarily in a dilemma.

From the mining camps of the far west came "struck it rich," which now applies to any human success; "up the flume," signifying failure; "hard pan," which means a solid paying basis; "petered out," which suggests a gradual decline and final suspension of resources; "grubstruck," for assistance given a new business enterprise on condition of a share in perspective or possible profits. Bonanza has been a good English word for 20 years, and the Century dictionary accepted it along with such words as "boom," meaning to manufacture support and enthusiasm, and "sneal," meaning to confess and betray companions.

From the railroad yards came "switched," with the meaning of diverted; "sidetracked," for temporary failure and suspension, the result of outside interference; "ditched," as expressing rain and collapse, and "wide open" came from the locomotive, which referred to the throttle and the extreme of speed. Now it means in full swing, reckless and regardless of interference.

"Out of sight" is an anachronism, as it means plainly in sight, and it is growing more and more in favor every day as a synonym for the superlative in appearance, accomplishment or performance. It was the balloon soaring toward the sky that was first declared out of sight, and then came the adaptation of this new form of expressing altitude and exemption from competition. For instance, when Assemblyman Joseph Cahill appears with his fearfully and wonderfully plaided trousers, which are said to have drowned the roar of the surf at Manhattan Beach, his admiring constituents cry out: "Get onto Cahill's pants! They are out of sight!"

The race track has given us "cinch," as meaning something settled beyond all doubt or peradventure. A cinch is a saddle girth, tightened by the Spanish method of a complicated knot that will not come untied. Hence cinch, or sure thing, cinched, or all settled beforehand, can't lose. Sabel—Exchange.

CRISPI'S AMBITIONS.

Interesting Situation Made Apparent by the Premier's Overtures to the Vatican.

The remarkable speech made by Premier Crispi at Naples the other day has since been almost the sole topic of conversation among politicians, whose excitement contrasts curiously with the composure with which the apparent overtures for a reconciliation between state and church have been discussed at the Vatican. The clerical calmness is due to the fact that the pope and his counselors have long been aware of the desire of the court and the liberal aristocracy and of the great middle class for a friendly understanding with the Vatican and of the gradual conversion of the redoubtable Crispi himself to the political necessity for a working arrangement between church and state.

The spread of ultra revolutionary doctrines in recent years has greatly alarmed Crispi, himself an old revolutionist, and the various attempts on his own life have doubtless quickened his hatred of anarchism. But the main motive actuating him has been personal and political.

There is no longer a Crispi party in the Italian chamber. The present ministerial majority is composed of men of various shades of political opinion, whose action at any given moment cannot be relied upon. Crispi's aim now is undoubtedly the formation of a new moderate conservative party, but he has little prospect of success without the support of the clericals, whose influence throughout Italy is enormous. The Agenzia Libera Italiana said some time ago that Crispi, in the course of conversation with friends, said he had three ambitions in life—the restoration of the national finances, the re-establishment of friendly commercial relations with France and the reconciliation of church and state. Hostile politicians are doing their best to thwart the first, but the second is believed to be within measurable distance. The third depends upon Crispi's power, desire and courage to offer the Vatican sufficient inducements to exercise its influence at the parliamentary polls. It is believed that the Vatican is quite prepared to treat—New York Sun Correspondent.

DISCOMFITURE OF A LADY.

Attacked by a Barrel of Cider While Prying Kindling Wood.

Lewis Matthewson, a young farmer of Chestnut Hill, drove down to this city last week with a load of kindling wood to sell. Before starting out he went down cellar and tested a full barrel of cider. Finding it had a good head on, Lewis loaded it on the back end of the wagon, with the idea that it also could be sold in the city.

It was a long way to town, the day was warm, and the sun beat down on the load with considerable strength. Farmer Matthewson had entered the city and was driving along the street, looking out for kindling wood customers, when a handsomely dressed woman approached the curb to ask him the price of the load.

The farmer turned his horse up to the walk and had just laid down the reins when an explosion occurred. The bung of the cider barrel flew out with great force and, as luck would have it, landed squarely in the face of the prospective customer. A stream of cider followed closely in the wake of the bung. Both struck her in the mouth, and there was a panic. The blow, of course, startled the woman, and as she opened her mouth to scream the cider filled it so quickly as to force the scream back. It choked the woman so that she nearly strangled.

The noise of the explosion, the hiss of the escaping cider and the convulsive gurgles of the woman combined to frighten Farmer Matthewson's horse, and before the young man knew what had happened the animal had started to run. Matthewson was thrown to the ground, the wheels ran over him, and the horse kept on. Before he stopped the kindling wood was scattered over two wards, the wagon was wrecked, and the ambulance was on its way to take the young farmer to the hospital. Fortunately he was not much injured, except in feelings, and even these were nothing compared to the state of mind of the woman.—Ansonia (Conn.) Letter.

Something Green on the Moon.

Grass grows on the moon. Louis Gathmann says he has seen it with his telescope, but it is all burned up now, just like the grass on the earth.

Mr. Gathmann, while observing the moon on the evening of Aug. 13, was struck by a peculiar green spot on the northwestern edge of the satellite's upper limb. At first he thought there was some obstruction in his telescope that caused the appearance, but when he allowed the moon to pass through the whole field of the glass the spot was still stationary. It was almost rectangular in form, with a bastionlike projection at each corner, and was located near the crater of Tycho Brahe, and Professor Gathmann estimated that it was about 40 by 70 miles in area. When Mr. Gathmann looked for the spot 22 hours later, it was gone. He believes that it was vegetation.

His theory is that when a hemisphere of the moon's surface first begins to revolve into the sunlight the heat of that luminary draws moisture from the moon's interior and vegetation springs up, to be at once withered by the terrific heat that falls upon the moon when the sun's rays strike it directly.—Boston Journal.

The Fashionable Handshake.

The proper fashionable way now to shake hands, according to the highest English authorities, is to take hold of the fingers of one's acquaintance at the second joint and bestow upon them one or two decisive little jerks, as though testing their strength. That is said to be the way Wales shook hands with George, the son of Jay. Perfectly sane people, however, still continue to shake hands in the usual way.—Philadelphia Times.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.

The Former Making Demands Upon the Latter Which May Cause a Fight.

France has unquestionably outraged upon another high handed outrage against a weak and helpless country, which apparently has not even as many friends as poor Siam. Myre de Vilers has gone to Madagascar, practically to demand the abdication of the government and to annex the great and rich island to the French domain. It remains to be seen if the great powers, including the United States, will permit the execution of this plan. The instructions given to the special emissary were nominally secret, but there is no doubt that the outlines given by the government organs in Paris are substantially correct. The following are the chief points of the demand, with war as the penalty of refusal:

The first is the revision of the treaty of 1855. The next that France's territory at Diego Suarez shall be extended to Passandane bay, on the western side of Madagascar, and to Vohemar bay on the east; that Majunga and Nossi Be, on the west coast, and Fort Dauphin, Tamatave, Manabouro, Andovorant, Foule Pointe and Mananara, on the eastern shores, shall, with their adjacent territories, be ceded to France. Furthermore, that the French residents shall have the right to control all the actions of the Malagasy government, including its foreign policy and international administration.

Opposition will be offered to what is described as the steady invasion by the Hovas of the territory of the Antakares. Then Myre de Vilers is to insist that the French be allowed to acquire property in the island instead of holding it on long leases. Likewise that they be empowered to claim concessions of mines, works and so on. Concessions for which foreigners may apply will only be granted after examination at the French residency. The French plenipotentiary was also instructed to demand full compensation for his countrymen who have been victims of vexatious treatment on the part of the Hova government.

It is assumed, very naturally in Paris, that the Malagasy government will refuse thus to surrender all its powers and independence to France, and so preparations are already making for a naval and military expedition on a large scale. The plan is to undertake this patriotic invasion two months hence, at a moment when, it is now feared, socialistic discontent will threaten to assume a dangerous phase in Paris.—Paris Letter.

MADEMOISELLE WAS A MAN.

An Interesting Case From France of Successful Masquerading as a Woman.

People living in and near Gap, in the Upper Alps department, were recently startled by the sudden metamorphosis of a fine young woman into a full grown young man. Mlle. Laure Bernard, 24 years old, had for several years past very successfully managed an institution for the cure of stammering in speech. It appears that begaiemen, or stammerers, is prevalent in the region, so Mlle. Bernard was able to make nearly £2,000 at it in a few years. This money enabled her to live independently of her parents, who, however, are well off. One of her brothers recently died in the colonies, where he practiced as a physician. Another is a priest, and she, or rather he, for mademoiselle is now monsieur, has a sister who is a nun. The successful specialist in stammering cases was registered at birth as a female child and grew up in petticoats. Lately, while studying medicine at Grenoble, Bernard fell deeply in love, discarded the petticoats, had the birth registration altered and married the girl who had smitten him by her charms. The ex-mademoiselle was also duly enrolled as a military conscript and will have to serve in the contingent for the year 1895.

It is said that Bernard, while passing as a woman acted the part to perfection, so far as wearing the clothes went. His features, however, were just a trifle harsh for a damsel, and his voice was occasionally gruff.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Black Geyser of San Felipe.

San Diego county now has a genuine geyser, about as near a thing to a volcano as is to be found on American soil. The geyser was discovered last Wednesday in the canyon leading from Paul Santanais' ranch, on the San Felipe grant, to the Boraga springs, and is at the edge of the desert. At that point the desert wall, or "rim rock," as it is called, is high and abrupt, inclosing the desert like the rim of a tub. San Felipe canyon cuts through this rim like a crevice or crack, which it undoubtedly is, in what was once a solid wall. The canyon is narrow, and the walls in places are 2,000 feet high.

The geyser was discovered by two cattle herders, who were out looking for water for their stock, as about this time of year new springs appear in that region. From the top of the canyon one of them dimly saw a spout of water and climbed down to investigate. He got to within 100 feet and stopped there. He did not want to go nearer. The ground around was boggy and was saturated with black water. In the center was a pulsating spring which at irregular periods spouted a column of black water into the air from five to seven feet, the column being about a foot in diameter. He could not or did not ascertain whether the water was hot or cold. The overflow filled the floor of the canyon and rolled on in a black stream down toward the desert.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Historical Mistake.

In the September Forum Dr. George F. Shady says that Dimsdale, a prominent physician of London, was called to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II of Russia in 1763. There must be some mistake here, for Jenner did not confirm his discovery in regard to the protective value of vaccination until 1796.—New York Tribune.

IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

Performances of a Gang of Free Lovers on Chinoteague Island.

There is a gang of free lovers on Chinoteague island that has lately demoralized the people and caused no end of trouble. One man, Thomas Bowden, has recently been killed, and more trouble is expected. Joe Lynch is the leader of the gang, and many of the ignorant people have become his followers. It is said that Lynch obtained permission from the authorities of Accomac county to perform marriage and other ceremonies usually pertaining to a minister of the gospel, and in a short time he promulgated doctrines that have led to much trouble.

One of these doctrines—and the one productive of the most trouble—is that each member of the band is to select a "watchman," the man to choose a woman, and vice versa. The couples meet alone together to study Scripture and "meditate." As these "meditations" frequently last nearly all night, and the "twos" seldom being man and wife, there is considerable objection to the "meditating," especially when a "sanctified" wife of an "unsanctified" man meditates until 2 or 3 a. m. with one of the brethren. Nor do the unsanctified wives feel a sufficient confidence in their "sanctified" husbands to sit contentedly at home knowing that they are meditating and talking Scripture with another woman who is perhaps younger and prettier. Lynch has given it out that all persons who are married according to legal form or by an "unsanctified" minister are in the eyes of God guilty of breaking the seventh commandment and that the children of such unions are illegitimate. These are a few of the teachings of this fanatic, all of them being on a par with the instances given.

The lamentable feature of the case is that Lynch's followers believe him and are energetic in making proselytes. A branch "church" was started at Williamsville, Del., and quite a number have embraced the "sanctified" idea. A few believers also live at Box Iron, in this county, a small hamlet near the Sinepuxent bay and near Chinoteague. An astonishing feature about these people is the readiness with which they quote Scripture and point out how sinful every one except the "sanctified" are. To do this they display much skill in taking scraps of the truth and severing them from the context to excuse the excesses committed by themselves. The citizens of Chinoteague have got a white elephant on their hands that they would like very much to be rid of, and this desire has only been strengthened by the killing of Bowden.—Richmond State.

WILL IT COME TO PASS

That the Navies of the United States and of Great Britain Will Combine?

The United States resembles Great Britain in not being obliged to maintain a disproportionately large standing army. It resembles it also in having a great number of sons who have a peculiar aptitude for the sea life. It is therefore in the utilization of sea power in its various aspects that the two countries may best co-operate and assist one another in the future.

If they were to come, as they surely will come, to an understanding to employ their combined naval forces for the preservation of general peace and for the forwarding of the common interests, few countries, no matter how belligerently inclined, would care to defy the alliance even now, and none would dare to question its will after it had rearranged its forces in frank recognition of all its responsibilities. It is not merely that the combined navies would be strong.

Far more weighty are the considerations that the British empire and the United States share between them nearly all the work of providing other countries with the food, raw material and manufactures which those countries cannot provide at home, and of carrying the ocean borne trade of the world. The interests of your ever growing commerce require the maintenance, if not of peace, at least of open ports everywhere. Why should not your combined navies declare, "We refuse henceforth to acknowledge the right of any civilized power to close her ports or the ports of another power by blockade or otherwise?" Surely that would sound the knell of war.—Fortnightly Review.

Philadelphia's Only Live Democrat.

Richard Vaux is decidedly the most picturesque figure of vigorous old age now left in Philadelphia and always excites a lively interest in the passerby on his regular walks from the railroad station to his down town office, for he never rides in carriages or street cars. Recently an old time acquaintance met him on the street with congratulations upon his hearty appearance and remarked that he was glad to see him so full of life. "Life, life!" exclaimed Vaux, raising his arm toward the old United States bank building. "Why, don't you know I am the only living Democrat left in Philadelphia? All the others are dead, dead!" And he resumed his walk thoughtfully westward.—Philadelphia Letter.

Panaceote's Promotion.

The rumor is that Sir Julian Panaceote is to be "promoted" in the English diplomatic service from the United States to Turkey. To simple children of the land of the free it seems strange to think that Constantinople can possibly mean promotion above Washington. But to the wise who know that diplomacy is greater than its social glitter the complex interests of eastern nations reveal a greater chance for a diplomat's genius than the peaceable opportunities of the District of Columbia.—Boston Transcript.

Lindley Murray's Birthplace.

The house, a four room log cabin, in which Lindley Murray, the grammarian, was born is still standing on the bank of the Swatara river, 13 miles south of Harrisburg. It was built by his father in 1730.

A "CHRIST'S HEAD."

An Ohio Photographer and His Model Have Created a Sensation.

The good, bad and indifferent people of New London, O., are alike greatly exercised over the display of a series of "Christ's Head" photographs just copyrighted by Photographer H. W. Minns of this city, for which a somewhat eccentric schoolteacher named Elmer Ellsworth Masterman posed. Some of the more sensitive and piously inclined declare themselves as inexplicably shocked that any human being, especially one of their own neighbors, should have posed for so sacred a subject. Others defend the photographer and his model on the broad and liberal ground of art and artistic effect.

Masterman, the subject, is a Mason and an Odd Fellow and has a striking personality. He is tall, spare, angular and awkward in his movements. His long red, shaggy, flowing hair and red unkempt whiskers, beard and mustache give him a leonine appearance. He is 32 years old, single and lives upon his father's farm on the outskirts of New London. His father is a German and his mother an Ohioan. His brother is cashier of the Gibsonburg bank. During the World's fair Masterman had charge of the waterfowl exhibit and contracted a severe cold. By the advice of his physician last September he let his short hair and beard grow in order to avoid pulmonary troubles.

"Had you any scruples or compunction in posing for so sacred a subject as the Saviour?" Masterman was asked.

"No. Why should I? What is the difference between posing for a photograph and posing for a painting? The paintings of the great masters are looked upon with admiration and pleasure, and no questions are asked as to who posed. Why should I be so criticised and persecuted because I chose to pose as Christ in the pictures which have raised this storm? I felt perfectly free in doing so and care nothing for the criticisms of men. I feel that if the act was sacrilegious Christ and the Almighty would not have led me to such success. I was urged by Protestants and Catholics to pose for the subject, but the first suggestion came from a Jew. If it was such an awful thing to do, I think that the Almighty would have prevented it."—New York Sun.

COMMUNION FOR ONE.

Growth of the Sentiment in Favor of Individual Chalice.

J. W. Davis, deacon of the Fourth Baptist church of Philadelphia, was in the city yesterday to see the workings of the individual communion cup services at North Baptist church. The fourth church of Philadelphia is one of the oldest in the Quaker City, and when the news of the innovation in church custom reached the members they at once became interested and decided that if it was such a good thing as reported it was necessary for them to have it. Dr. Andrews, a prominent member of the Fifth Baptist church of Philadelphia, made an analysis of the dregs in the communion cups and discovered microbes and disease germs to be plentiful. He was convinced that a change from the old system was necessary and in a conversation with Mr. Davis said: "The individual cup idea is a most excellent one, and it is surprising to me that the Christian church has not taken it up before. Since the innovation has been introduced it will become international in its scope, and hardly a civilized nation in the world will be without it. It is a wonder to me that the physicians of the country did not recommend this before to the people, for the old system is an evil that should be corrected."

The Fourth Baptist church is not only the first church to take up the movement in Philadelphia, but also in Pennsylvania. A paper which is published in the church has contained several columns on the subject, including all that was in the Rochester, New York and other papers. Many of the people in the congregation have grown enthusiastic on the subject, and the feeling became so strong in favor of it that early in the summer they decided to have one of the deacons come to this city to investigate the system. Deacon Davis was selected because he was one of the most conservative members of the church and had not been carried away with the reports of the innovation. He came here to criticize the matter, but he is highly pleased with what he saw yesterday morning.—Rochester Herald.

Plates Made Out of Stamps.

The writer had heard of stamp plates, but had never seen any before yesterday. There were six on exhibition at the fair—white porcelain plates, with scalloped, lacelike edges. Stamps had been dissected and applied to these in all sorts of ingenious devices. Sometimes the heads of 3 cent stamps were placed in a circle around the center, with little flourishes between made of the numbers, while the bordering of the stamps made spraylike decorations. Stamps of all denominations were used and of all colors, but so cleverly were they managed that considerable examination was necessary to recognize the component parts of the familiar stamps. These plates must be a great deal of work to do, and they look as if water would run them, but they are ingenious and pretty.—Worcester Spy.

Cigarettes Well Placed.

The keeper of the monkey house in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, has for some days past been puzzled by seeing his monkeys smoking cigarettes. The wits of Paris declare that some learned professors were just about to issue an exhaustive paper on the subject of monkeys and tobacco from the earliest times, when the keeper solved the mystery. He lay in wait near the cage and at last caught some boys, who had taught the monkeys to smoke and came every day to give them lighted cigarettes. The boys have been taken to the police station, and the professors' studies have been relegated to the waste paper basket.—London Globe.

ETHICS OF THE REGISTER.

What Hotel People Have to Say About Titles and Degrees.

For a man to take a lady to dine at a hotel and register as "Mr. So-and-so and lady" is considered the height of ignorance by hotel clerks. The proper way is to register both names, or, if the man is sensitive, to write "Mr. So-and-so and one." This is sometimes done, but not very often. To use "and lady" is bad form in this generation, when it comes to hotel registers, for obvious reasons. But this is not the only evidence of bad form which is seen on the register. When a man pens Mr. before his name he is judged as being egotistical, and no professional man will put Dr. or Prof. before his name if he desires to avoid the clerk's anathemas.

Many city people exhibit their ignorance of good breeding by going to a local hotel and giving the number and street of their residence. A notable instance of this is a well known jeweler, who, when he puts his name on a register, which is frequent, invariably puts his business address after it. To put Hon., Gen., Capt. or any other title before a man's name on a hotel register is as bad as Prof. or Dr.—in fact, it is looked upon as worse by all good hotel men.

The only exception to the above is in case of theatrical people, who put the name of their company after their names. All professional stage people get reduced rates at hostelry in nearly every instance, and for them to put the names of their troops on the book is a good thing for the hotel people. It goes to show that the person thus registering is not afraid of being questioned as to his connection with a company and is not trying to get lower rates in a surreptitious manner. It is also in the case of theatrical people that there may be a permissible violation of the rules in regard to putting Mr. before the name. Many stars do not register, but allow some one else to do it for them, generally the manager. In order to show all possible deference to his proteges, the manager generally puts Mr. before the names of the men. In the cases of ladies it is invariably proper for them to put Miss or Mrs., as the case may be, in front of their names.—New York Dispatch.

The Dog Man Escaped.

She was standing on her front steps on Hastings street telling two or three women how it happened. She waved a broom about her head and said:

"I was in the back bedroom up stairs, making up the bed. My husband was down in the kitchen, heating a sticking plaster for his sore heel. Our dog was sitting on the curbstone right out there. Suddenly I hear a rumble on the cobblestones, and I take it for a funeral procession and goes ahead and turns over the mattress on the bed. Then I hear the children whooping, but I thought they had a goat. Then comes a squeak, and a howl, and a bang, and I run to the window to see the dog wagging driving off and my dog gone."

"And you screamed?" queried one of the women.

"I did. I screamed out and seized the club I've been keeping for the dog man. As I rushed down stairs my husband rushed up, and we collided and rolled down into the kitchen and under the table, and he called me names, and I thumped him, and before I could get out the dog man was gone, and with him the blessed dog that Detroit will ever know."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Done.

One of the most unique specimens of the courting crisis on record occurred at a London dinner party. He had long made love to her, and while at the table he learned from a friend sitting next to him that his rival intended to "pop the question" that very day. What was to be done? He was some distance from her, while the dreaded rival was at her side. Tearing a leaf from a notebook, he wrote on it with a pencil: "Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, on this paper and return it to me." This he sent to her by a waiter, saying: "To the lady in blue at the end of the table. Be very careful." This servant was careful enough, but the sender forgot to give him the pencil for the lady to use. She didn't have a pencil, but she coolly put the note into her bosom and answered to the waiter, "Tell the gentleman yes," with as little betrayal of excitement as if she were accepting an invitation to a game of croquet.—London World.

Love Laughs at Doctors.

A young man wanted to marry a girl, but his rich parents forbade the match. The young man thereupon became sick and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to die. The father of the girl visited the patient, and the poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Ann he would die happy. His dying request could certainly not be refused, and, Mary Ann having no objection, the minister was sent for, and the marriage ceremony was performed. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from his bed a hale man.

It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel parents and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.—London Tit-Bits.

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who is so absentminded that, when he went to London recently, he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place.

Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result?

"No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and not knowing who it was from he paid no attention to it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Coffee planting was formerly the most important single industry of Ceylon. Now tea is the leading article of export, having risen from £2,000 worth in 1878 to over £1,000,000 two years ago.